

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1815.

NO. 5.

The Libertine's Lesson,

OR,
THE FORCE OF NATURE.
(From the French.)

POSSESSED of ample wealth, and indulged from his earliest infancy in the gratification of every unruly desire, M. De Fremival was, by habit and inclination, a complete libertine. Among the list of his enormities might be reckoned the divorcing of two wives with whose charms he was satiated; and while he would break through the most solemn oaths made to a credulous female, he considered himself a man of honour if he paid his debts at the gaming-table, or kept his word, when given, for a party of pleasure: such was Fremival at the time the adventure happened which we are about to record. Chance threw him one day in the presence of the young and beautiful Milesia: she was the daughter of a poor labourer, who rented an humble tenement on the estate of Fremival. Jerome was a widower, and the father of a dozen children, who were supported by his daily toil, aided by the feeble, but

assiduous efforts of the amiable Milesia: she was tenderly beloved by her honest father, and, while she knew it was in her power to lighten his toil, and contribute to the comforts of her little brothers and sisters, no consideration could induce her to quit the paternal roof, even with the most flattering prospect of bettering her own condition. Fremival no sooner beheld her, in all the simplicity of unaffected loveliness, than she was considered by him an attainable object of desire.—Meanwhile, the worth of the old man was universally known and respected: the misfortunes and virtues of his beautiful daughter had interested many generous characters, among which was a worthy notary, who understanding that Jerome was so distressed, at times, as to be unable to procure the necessaries of life for his infant family, sent him a sum of money, with an assurance of the same benefaction being continued annually. It was not sufficient to place them in a state of affluence, but it was enough to keep them beyond the possibility of suffering the pangs

of want. Jerome was overjoyed, and most anxiously desired to throw himself at the feet of his benefactor; but that noble-minded man, as delicate as benevolent, chose to remain unknown; the delightful sensations of his own bosom where to him sufficient remuneration, and he had no desire to receive the homage of a fellow-creature for an act which sought its recompence from a higher source. The reader may perhaps imagine that Fremival was the donor; but alas! his heart was made of far different materials; he heard of the affair, and being apprised of the delicacy with which the favour had been conferred, it occurred to him that, by assuming the credit of the action, he should obtain such a strong hold on the gratitude and esteem of the susceptible Milesia, as would effectually answer his nefarious purpose. Having suffered a short time to elapse, in case the real benefactor should make himself known, and finding at length that he had nothing to apprehend on that score, he repaired to the cottage of the poor man. Entering with a self-satisfied, yet condescending mien, he thus addressed the aged Jerome: "My good friend, I understand you have been for some time anxious to discover who has done you a favour; to satisfy you, I will now let you know that I am the person who has had the happiness of rendering you a service which I consider you truly deserving of, and which I have both power and inclination to repeat." Jerome uttered a cry of grateful emotion, and sunk at the feet of the hypocritical Fremival, who, with an air of affected modesty, applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and said, "Rise my worthy Je-

rome, your gratitude oppresses me; had I expected this, I would still have remained unknown." He then raised, and condescendingly embraced the old man, who exultingly called his young family together, to unite their thanks for the benevolent gift of their supposed friend. Therese, Pierre, William, all the little ones obeyed the call, with Milesia in the midst of them. When informed that Fremival was their long-sought benefactor, they overwhelmed him with their artless blessings and caresses. "Excellent gentleman!"—"Kind, generous friend!"—"Angel of benevolence!" and a thousand wild, unstudied expressions of delight burst from their lips. Milesia, with native dignity and grace, caught his hand; she pressed it to her lips, to her bosom, and, as her fine blue eyes were raised with saint-like expression to heaven, as if imploring a blessing on his head, the heart of Fremival sunk within him, and he felt he was a villain, without the grace of amendment. Trying to conceal his embarrassment, he began to play with the children; he demanded the name of each, their daily occupations, their diversions, and innumerable trivial questions. He then again addressed Jerome; "My good man, you have a large, and I fear burdensome family: in some respects they are, no doubt, the consolation of your age, but I fear your exertions for their support must be more than your advanced age, and encreasing infirmities can well struggle with. I unfortunately have none; what say you then; can you consent to part with two of these darlings? I will undertake to provide for them. I think girls must be the greatest incum-

bran
of y
mi
con
the
tect
thei
sati
offe
the
and
favo
and,
her
M
at th
fath
impa
derat
ters,
fit fr
ed by
Frem
fath
her
rome
daug
them
love,
fath
her
carri
Thou
had n
he h
ly th
ever
love
her
whic
to vi
at fir
her
rema

brance, and anxiety for them, in case of your death, must bear heavy on your mind. Give your consent then : I will consign one to the care of my mother, the other I will place under the protection of my wife ; and I hope that their future good conduct will give satisfaction, both to you and me. The offer was too flattering to be rejected ; the poor old man melted into tears, and Fremival, taking advantage of the favourable moment, selected Milesia, and, to avoid suspicion, the plainest of her sisters.

Milesia was almost broken-hearted at the thought of quitting her beloved father ; but the fear of his health being impaired by extreme labour, and consideration for her little brothers and sisters, who would derive so much benefit from the arrangement, overpowered her reluctance, and the promises of Fremival that she should often see her father, at length completely reconciled her to the afflicting separation. Jerome gave the best advice to his two daughters, and tenderly recommended them to Fremival, exhorting them to love, honour, and obey him as a second father. The tender Milesia, taking her sister by the hand, ascended the carriage which stood at the door.— Though Fremival had asserted that he had no children, it was a falsehood ; for he had two, a son and a daughter, nearly the age of Milesia. It was not however, his intention to introduce his lovely victim to them, but conducted her to a lone house in the country, which none of his family cared much to visit. Milesia was greatly surprised at finding no one to receive her, but her sister was too young to make any remarks, and Fremival satisfied her,

for a time, by saying that his wife was absent with a sick relation, but would be with them in a few days. The time, however, passed on, yet no wife appeared ; Fremival threw off the disguise of a benefactor, and appeared in his proper character, and Milesia, beholding in him a base and tyrannical oppressor, felt all her esteem change to hatred. She indignantly demanded to be restored to her father ; he endeavoured to argue her out of her scruples, but he was too crafty to use violence, which would have subjected him to condign punishment.

While the hapless Milesia thus passed her days and nights in the most alarming apprehensions, let us see what became of her unfortunate father. He waited with eager expectation day after day in hopes of hearing of his children from their pretended guardian ; repeated disappointments excited his regret, without awakening his suspicions. Some acquaintances, however, to whom he communicated the cause of his uneasiness, began to fill his mind with surmises of a most distressing nature, and he deeply regretted his credulity and unguarded confidence, in suffering his children to accompany a stranger, without even knowing the place of their destination. His fears were imparted to the rest of his family, and all that were of age to be employed on such an errand, were dispersed in different ways, in the hope of discovering their imprisoned sisters ; but without success. Just at this time the son of Fremival, having particular business with his father, hastened down to the country-house, without apprising him of his intention. Not having the smallest idea of such

a visitor, Fremival had taken no precautions to prevent a surprise. He was instantly admitted by the servant; and entering an apartment, without ceremony, there discovered Milesia in tears, expostulating with his father. Fremival was at first enraged at the intrusion, but recollecting himself soon after, he thought it best to smother his resentment; he accordingly welcomed his son, enquired the cause of his so unlooked-for journey, and mildly requested Milesia to retire to her chamber during the conference. He then took the opportunity of informing his son that she was a young person confided to his care by her family, who wished to keep her from forming an improper connection; and ordered him, as he valued his protection or regard, not to divulge the secret to any one. Selmour believed, or affected to believe, this account; but there arose in his mind an undefineable doubt, and he resolved to prolong his visit, until he could satisfy himself fully on the subject; but his father was too well aware of the risk he ran, by having his son present, to witness what passed; and accordingly signified to him that he expected he would depart on the following morning. During that interval, Selmour saw sufficient of Milesia to feel the liveliest interest in her fate, and a thorough conviction that his father was acting a hypocritical, if not a villanous, part. This consideration induced the young man to conceal himself in a neighbouring hamlet instead of returning immediately to Paris. From the place of his concealment he dispatched a letter, by a trusty domestic, with orders to gain over the gardener, who worked at the

chateau, by dint of bribery, to convey a letter to the beautiful captive. The stratagem was successful, and Milesia, no less surprised than overjoyed at the prospect of emancipation, answered his letter, with a full explanation of her unhappy situation. To this she received a short reply, exhorting her to be courageous, to resist the importunities of Fremival, and rely on his exertions to release her. But while she was thus encouraging the most lively hopes, time wore away, and she heard no more of Selmour. At length he arrived, in the most visible perturbation: he enquired for his father. "He is in the garden, said she; "but what have you done in my behalf; I am still closely guarded; have you not apprized my father of my danger?"—"Alas!" replied Selmour, "he is too ill to succour you, and I am equally powerless; for how can I act against a parent? Oh, Milesia! love and duty tear my heart with indescribable pangs. See here is a letter from my aunt; a most dreadful calamity has fallen on our house, the just retribution of heaven. My only sister, young and lovely as yourself, who has lived with her from infancy, has been seduced by the arts of a base villain, and has tarnished the honour of her family for ever."—"I feel the extent of your misfortune," said Milesia; "but perhaps this event may cause a revolution in the mind of the misguided Fremival; give me the letter, I beseech you, and retire; while he peruses it I will make an appeal to his feelings, that I think, under such circumstances, he cannot resist." Delighted at her presence of mind, Selmour instantly complied with her request, and retreated into another

er apartment, where the sister of Milesia was amusing herself with the playthings with which Fremival plentifully supplied her, to divert her attention from his conversation with Milesia. When Fremival entered, and perceived a letter in the hand of his prisoner, he started, and eagerly demanded to know from whom she had received it. "From your son, sir," said she; "it contains unpleasant news, and his own distress is too great to admit of his delivering it to you himself." With these words she presented the letter, and fixed her eyes on him, with a look that seemed to pierce his heart. Fremival, on reading the letter, was struck with horror; his colour changed, his lips quivered, and he sunk into a chair, overcome with the most poignant anguish. Milesia approached; she took him by the hand; it was cold as ice. "Wretched man!" said she, "I see that nature works within you;" then falling at his feet, she added, "Fremival, behold your unfortunate victim; think what you now suffer, for the fate of your own child is felt by my miserable parent; your despair, your anguish, is equalled by his. A father yourself, surely you can commiserate the pangs of a fellow-sufferer, since from your hand it was he received the fatal stab to his honour and peace of mind." Confounded and awed by the seraphic dignity of her manner, he regarded her, for a moment, in silence; but his sentiments had undergone an instantaneous revolution, and, bursting into tears, he threw his arms round Milesia, exclaiming, "Angelic girl! your innocence shall triumph. Yes, I am a father, and, although an unworthy one, this lesson of adversity shall not

be an unprofitable one; henceforth you shall indeed be my daughter." At this moment Selmour rushed into the room; he threw himself on his knees besides Milesia. "Confirm that promise, dear, dear, father," he cried; "and bless your son with the amiable object of his choice."—"Is it possible?" ejaculated Fremival, regarding them both with astonishment. The blushes, and agitated looks of Milesia, declared that the proposal was not disagreeable to her, and he, without hesitation, joined their hands. Their grateful emotions amply repaid him for thus making the sacrifice of an unworthy passion; he besought the forgiveness of the injured Milesia, and Selmour, in return, asked pardon of his father, for a stratagem which love and filial solicitude had urged him to employ. "My sister," said he, "is safe and virtuous; but, oh, my father! you have proved the *force of nature*, and will not now, I am sure, retract; the generous Milesia will never disgrace us by revealing what has passed, and your honour is secure in the hands of your faithful and affectionate children."—Fremival, though taken thus by surprise, was happy that the affair was likely to terminate so well; he embraced the young couple, and instantly ordering his carriage, conducted the sisters, with the happy Selmour, to the cottage of Jerome. The old man received his children with delight; and the happy intelligence of his darling Milesia's good fortune seemed to reanimate him. He recovered from his illness in time to witness the union of the young lovers, and bestow on them his benediction. Fremival, abjuring his errors, returned to his wife; and

passed the remainder of his days in domestic harmony: and as an act of justice, made an ample provision for the worthy Jerome and his family.

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

IN the history of the human mind scarce any subject is more mysterious, than that of *mania*. Maniacs are not, like idiots, under a total deprivation of memory, mind and understanding. On the contrary, (to use the expressions of a celebrated man) "they have not only had the most perfect knowledge and recollection of all the relations they stood in towards others, and of the acts and circumstances of their lives, but have, in general, been remarkable for subtlety and acuteness. —Such persons often reason with a subtlety which puts in the shade the ordinary conceptions of mankind: their conclusions are just, and frequently profound; but the *premises from which they reason, when within the range of the malady*, are uniformly false; not false from any defect of knowledge or judgment; but because a delusive image, the inseparable companion of real insanity, is thrust upon the subjugated understanding, incapable of resistance, because unconscious of attack."

The following is, however, a pretty clear instance of insanity drawing just conclusions from *true* premises; —an instance which I would fain turn to some good account.

It happened a pretty long while ago, that Deacon——, a man of respectability, resident in a country town in New-England, suddenly became a maniac, and so continued for several years together. The first clear symp-

tom of derangement appeared on the sabbath, and during the services of public worship, which he was attending in the meeting-house. Mr. ——, his parochial minister, a distinguished practical preacher, was discoursing on the subject of maintaining peace among neighbours, and offering precepts, and laying down rules, necessary to be observed, for the goodly purposes of preventing discord, and keeping peace. The deacon, it was observed by the congregation, grew restless;—he looked at his minister with uncommon earnestness—sometimes sitting, and sometimes rising up with a sort of violence, very different from the wonted sedateness and gravity of his character. At length, just at the close of the discourse, he broke silence. Addressing himself to his minister by name, he said, "You have omitted, sir, one essential article: nothing is more necessary for keeping peace among neighbouring farmers, than a *good five rail fence*."

Both as to the conclusion and the premises, the respectable maniac was perfectly in the right—though rather out of time and place: for, (with the exception of stone wall, where stone is plenty) a good five rail fence is certainly the best of articles for the conservation of peace.

I do verily believe, judging from my own observations, that more contentions arise between neighbouring farmers, from the bad condition of their fences, and particularly their division fences, than from any other single cause. One says, "*Your cattle are breachy*"; and the other, "*Your fence is good for nothing*:"—and so on, louder and more angrily, till they

part— and part, perhaps never to meet as friends again. Whereas bad fences make roguish cattle, just as bad laws make rogues of animals of the higher rank.

And, apart from the consideration of strife with his neighbours, the farmer that neglects his fences subjects himself to disquietude by day and by night; and after all his watchings, and his runnings, to see if no marauders have entered his enclosures, he loses more, in the long run, than it would cost him to have kept his fence in constant and excellent order.

Con. Courant.

SUSANNA WRIGHT.

"IT is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not distinguished by any striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The scholar, who passed his life among his books; the merchant, who conducted only his own affairs; the priest, whose sphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are considered as no proper objects of public regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering, that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason, what is of most use is of most value."

DR. JOHNSON.

As it has always appeared to me a duty which the living owe to each other, as well as to the dead, to rescue merit from descending into immediate oblivion, I have endeavoured to trace the following notices of a lady, who, though she was well known, and generally esteemed, by the most eminent characters in the state of Pennsylvania whilst she lived, yet noth-

ing, I believe, respecting her has ever yet appeared in print. What I now mean to offer is from recollection alone; but my opportunities for information were such as to enable me to give those recollections with certainty.

Susanna Wright was the daughter of John Wright, Esq. a very intelligent and upright man, and one of the first settlers in Lancaster county; she came over with her parents from Warrington, in Great-Britain, in 1714, being then about seventeen. She had received a good education, and having an excellent understanding, she assiduously cultivated her fine talents, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her situation. Her parents first settled at Chester, but a short time afterwards removed to the banks of the Susquehannah, then a most remote frontier settlement, in the midst of Indians, subject to all the inconveniences, labours, privations, and dangers of an infant establishment; here she exerted herself continually for the good of her family and the benefit of her neighbours; nor did she ever quit this retirement for the more improved society of Philadelphia but twice, when the danger of their situation from an Indian war rendered this removal necessary for their safety. She never married; but after the death of her father became the head of her own family, who looked up to her for advice and direction as to a parent; for her heart was replete with every kind affection, and with all the social virtues. She was well acquainted with books, had an excellent memory, as well as a most clear and comprehensive judgment; she spoke and wrote

the French language with great ease and fluency ; she had also a knowledge of Latin, and of Italian, and had made considerable attainments in many of the sciences. Her letters, written to her friends, were deservedly esteemed for their ingenuity. She corresponded with James Logan, Isaac Norris, and many other characters of that period ; and so great was the esteem in which she was held by her neighbours, for integrity and judgment, that disputes of considerable interest were frequently left to her sole arbitration by the parties concerned. Her advice was often desired on occasions of importance respecting the settlement of estates, and she was often resorted to as a physician by her neighbourhood. The care and management of a large family, and of a profitable establishment, frequently devolved entirely upon her ; and she appeared to be so constantly occupied with the employments usual to her sex and station, that it was surprising how she found time for that acquaintance with polite literature which her conversation displayed, when she met with persons capable of appreciating it.

She took great delight in domestic manufacture, and had constantly much of it produced in her family. For many years she attended to the rearing of silk worms, and with the silk which she reeled and prepared herself, made many articles both of beauty and utility, dyeing the silk of various colours with indigenous materials ; she had at one time upwards of sixty yards of excellent mantau returned to her from Great-Britain, where she had sent the raw silk to be manufactured. She sometimes amused herself with her

pencil, and with little works of fancy ; but it was in the productions of her pen that she most excelled : they were deservedly admired whilst she lived, and would abundantly satisfy the world of her merit could they now be produced ; but as she wrote not for fame she never kept copies, and it is to be feared, but little is at this time recoverable. Her character appears to have been without vanity, and above affectation.

I had the pleasure, when very young, of seeing her, and can remember something of the vivacity and spirit of her conversation, which I have since heard some of the best judges of such merit affirm they had seldom known to be equalled.

She lived to be upwards of eighty, preserving her senses and faculties. She had been educated in the religious society of Friends, and often in her latter years professed, that she saw the vanity of all attainments that had not for their object the glory of God and the good of mankind. She died a most humble, pious, sincere christian.

In her person she was small, and had never been handsome, but had a penetrating, sensible countenance, and was truly polite and courteous in her address and behaviour. Her brother, James Wright, was for many years a representative for Lancaster county in the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow-citizens. His descendants still possess the estate where their ancestors settled, upon which they have recently founded the flourishing town of Columbia.

L.

Analectic Magazine.

THE GENEROUS SOLDIER.

AN emigrant lady had retired with her child to Augsburg, where she believed the French would never arrive to trouble her. She was, however, mistaken, and became distracted with fear. Thinking only on the safety of her infant, and taking it in her arms, as her only treasure, leaving all her valuables behind, she rushed forth; but in her delirium mistook the gate, and instead of finding shelter in the camp of the Austrians, she fell into the hands of the French out-posts. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she fainted away. The attentions and humanity of the soldiers could not revive her; successive fits of fainting rapidly followed each other. On being informed of this event, the general kindly ordered her a safe conduct in the town where she meant to have withdrawn. Unfortunately, her infant was forgotten, and the unhappy mother, in the agitation of her mind, did not perceive it. A grenadier, however, took care of the child; he learnt where the mother had been conducted; but not being able to carry immediately this little treasure to its parent, he caused a leathern bag to be made, in which he placed the child, and always carried it before him. His comrades often rallied him; nevertheless he fought, and never abandoned the infant. Whenever he was called upon to encounter the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground in which he placed the infant, and after the battle returned for it. At length an armistice was concluded. The grenadier collected some money among his comrades, to the amount of twenty-five louis (twenty pounds

sterling,) which he placed in the pocket of the child, and carried it to its mother. The joy of the latter had nearly been attended with the same fatal consequences as her former fears. In a short time, however, she revived, to pour forth blessings on the saviour of her child.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON!

BY MR. PHILIPS.

No matter what may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him, the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin; if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared, how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us? In the production of Washington it does really appear, as if nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful—Scipio was continent—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'oeuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master. As a

general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his councils, that to the Soldier and the Statesman, he almost added the character of the Sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason, for aggression commenced the contest and a country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her Citizens or her Soldiers—her Heroes or her Patriots.—But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a Cottage rather than reign in a Capitol! Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious glory of his self-denial and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of Heaven could not resist your Sage—the temptation of Earth could not corrupt your Soldier.

Mr. Philips' Toast.

"I give you sir the memory of
GEORGE WASHINGTON."

ADDRESS TO FRUGALITY.

BY THE CELEBRATED ROBERT BURNS.

O FRUGALITY! thou mother often
thousand blessings!—thou cook of fat

beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hose, and comfortable surtouts!—thou old housewife, darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutching palsied fist, up those heights, and through those thickets, hitherto inaccessible, and impervious, to my anxious, weary feet:—not those Parnasian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are, breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and earth; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all powerful deity, Wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty. And the hot walls of profusion, produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotic in this world, and natives of paradise!—Thou withered sybil, my sage conductress, usher me into the refulgent, adored presence!—The power, splendid and potent as he now is, was once the puling nursling of thy faithful care and tender arms! Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, or favourite, and adjure the god by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger, or an alien, but to favour me with his peculiar countenance and protection!—He daily bestows his greatest kindness on the undeserving and the worthless; assure him, that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits!—Pledge yourself for me, that, for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the vulture of public robbery!

Never write a letter when in a passion.

VARIETY.

—
TALKING.

Those that talk much, cannot always talk well; and may oftener incur censure than praise. Few people care to be eclipsed, and a superiority of sense is as ill brooked, as a superiority of beauty or fortune.

—
SENTENTIOUSNESS.

If you are wise, you will talk little, but hear much; what you are to learn from yourself must be by thinking; and from others by speech.

—
SELF CONQUEST.

If the conquest of one's self is the most difficult of all achievements, we must think it the noblest of all triumphs.

"The proper knowledge of mankind is man."

—
TO LOVERS OF PLEASURE.

Recreation after business is allowable—but he that follows his pleasure instead of business, will in a little time have no business to follow.

—
LETTER MISERY.

Expecting letters from the country, of an agreeable import, and seeing your box full at the post office;—you receive them, and hasten home, big with pleasing anticipation; on perusal finding them to be from impatient creditors!—*No cash.*

—
DISSIMULATION OF INJURIES.

In the particular of injuries, it is above all things necessary, sometimes, not only not to resent them, but even to *dissemble* the very feeling of them.

—
THE COVETOUS AND PROUD.

There are some persons, that neither affability or even obligations, can win; and those are the covetous and the proud; both of which are ungrateful vessels, that yield no return.

QUARRELSOMENESS.

A weathercock, that is the sport of every wind, has more repose than a choleric man.

During a very fine solo on the violin, at one of the London oratorios, a countryman who had obtained admission to the gallery, exclaimed, "Lord! Lord! What a while that man is in tuning his fiddle!"

A gentleman, not having any halfpence, told a beggar that he would remember him on his return: "Please your honor," says the fellow, "it is unknown the *credit* I give in this way."

Mrs. W.—, walking on one of the wharves in New-York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called *she*; "Oh faith," says the son of Neptune, "because the rigging costs more than the hull."

—
TURKISH ANECDOTE.

A CAPTAIN of a trading ship, being not long since in the city of Constantinople, lodged in the house of a seafaring Turk. One day he observed to the Musselman, that in all his walks through the immense city of Constantinople and its suburbs, he had not seen any thing like a jail for the imprisonment of debtors. Christian dog! (said the disciple of Mahomet) do you suppose that we are so debased as to copy the Nazarine policy? We take care to strip a debtor of all his property, as far as it will go, to pay just debts, but there we leave him, we instantly turn him loose to begin the world again. The believers in our Prophet are above shutting up their fellow-men in cages, in order to starve, persecute and torment them. We make a distinction between a man and a rat. I have been in several of the Nazareen (Christian) cities, and I never looked at a debtor's prison without horror; as a place where a man is degraded to the condition of a rat!

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE ORPHANS.

WHILE whistling winds in hollow murmurs
sound,

And speak the dread approach of winter
cold ;

What varied blessings still do us surround,
Tho' smiling fortune has withdrawn her
gold.

Yes, even here, in solitude retir'd,
The power of sympathy is felt to flow ;
Oft has Compassion's voice my heart in-
spir'd,
And tears of sorrow dropt for others woe.

Ah ! well can memory paint the sable hour,
When deep affliction caus'd the heart to
sigh ;
When stern adversity usurp'd the power,
And tears of sadness fill'd each heavy eye.

In early years our views in life were gay,
And Pleasure's influence made each pros-
pect bright ;

In sweet enjoyment pass'd the happy day,
While partial parents watch'd us with
delight.

But ah ! how short our pleasures here be-
low ;

Thou gracious Father, saw it best to call,
Our parents, brother, from this world of
woe ;

Yet oh ! forgive the sighs we can't recall.

'Tis not that we repine at thy command,
That streams of sorrow from our eyelids
steal ;

We own the power—we bless the chast'n-
ing hand,

But long will nature the affliction feel.

M.

ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

our f w d dis and p
A sed iend rought eath ease ain
bles fr b br and sg

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

A FRAGMENT,

Supposed to be the address of a Mother to
her sleeping Infant, immediately after the
death of her Husband.

EMPLOY'D in these attempts her wearied
eyes,

Still wet with crystal tears, she fondly
turns

Towards her darling babe, who sleeping lies,
Unconscious of the cause for which she
mourns.

Still, still thou sleep'st, poor little wretch,
she cries,

Shielded from sorrow at the fost'ring
breast ;

Thy mother's anguish, and thy brother's
sighs,

Pierce not thy bosom, nor disturb thy rest.

He's gone, alas ! who with a father's joy,
Has often caught thee smiling to his
breast ;

Form'd the sweet accents of his darling boy,
And by a thousand sports his love ex-
press'd.

Devoid of care, thy weary eyes do close,
And still the pretty smile divinely plays
O'er thy sweet lips, as blooming as the rose,
As it was wont when crown'd with hap-
pier days.

Sleep on my little Cherub—may no care,
No bitter sense of thy poor mother's woes,
Break thy soft slumbers : oh ! shall I e'er
share

Such balmy rest, such undisturb'd repose.

THE BIRTH OF A DAMASK ROSE.

By PAUL ALLEN, Esq. one of the editors of
the Baltimore Telegraph.

ONE summer morn when love was young
And slumbering at his mother's breast ;
The mountain lark so loudly sung,
It broke his slumbers—up he sprung
And left his parent still at rest.

He caught her doves with tender hands,
From him they never wandered far;
And now the little urchin stands,
And binds them fast in flow'ry bands,
Then ties them to his mother's car.

He mounts the seat—away they skip,
Swift thro' the yielding air he scours,
And still to hasten on the trip,
Young love impetuous snaps his whip,
The lash a string of braided flowers.

The more his pastime to beguile,
He lowers his flight and skims the ground;
He saw and past with many a smile,
The tribes of Flora, rank and file,
That rais'd their gaudy heads around.

And now, bethought him to alight
He draws the rein and checks his pace;
When lo! a flower of lovely white,
Looked thro' its foliage broad and bright,
And seem'd to court the boy's embrace.

And what will mother say to me,
He cries, for absence such as this!
This flower my sole defence shall be,
Forthwith I'll pluck it from the tree,
And give it to her with a kiss.

He pulls with all his might and main,
And plucks the flower that charmed his eyes;
He wounds his hand but feels no pain,
Remounts his chariot, shakes the rein,
And to his mother bears the prize.

O my dear mother do not slight
Your son, and turn away your head,
Look at this flower how lovely white!
She turn'd and trembled at the sight,
'Twas all one deep and blushing red.

She caught him with a mother's care,
But when unhurt she found her boy
Henceforth ordained—that flower so fair,
That ruddy vest should always wear,
As a memorial of her joy.

THE TREE.

THE tree that lately own'd the pow'r
Of Winter's rude, destructive hour,
And droop'd in barren gloom;

Has felt soft Spring's reviving sway,
And fill'd the world, and lovely May,
With fruit fore-telling bloom.

Its promis'd treasure Summer shows,
And fruit in painted beauty glows
Upon the tree so fair;
But Winter soon again will frown,
Will tear the tree's bright honours down,
And bid the world despair.

But 'mid stern Winter's dreariest day,
We feel, to soothe his tyrant sway,
A promise sure of Spring;
We know that Nature's God will deign
To bid her hours return again,
And all her beauties bring.

Such is the little life of man;
And, in the swiftly passing span,
The seasons well we trace:
Spring smiles in youth; her blossoms fair
Seem to defy the frowns of care,
And glow with infant grace.

Summer brings forth firm manhood's fruit,
Such as mild Virtue's taste may suit;
But, oft, ere Autumn's hour,
Some blight prevents perfection there,
And gives the soul to deep despair,
When age brings Winter's pow'r.

Happy is he whose fruit is found
Of surface fair, of core quite sound,
When life's last hours are giv'n;
For, well we know, life's Winter o'er,
On earth man's blossoms rise no more;
His second Spring is Heav'n!

ELLEN'S TEAR.

ON buds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When in the grove fond Ellen wept,
Sweet maid, it was her lover's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd—the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glisten'd in the ray.

An angel wand'ring from the sphere,
Beheld the bright, the frozen gem,
To dove-eyed pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1815.

Intelligence.

On Tuesday arrived at this port, the schooner *Weazel*, Newson, from Cadiz, which port she left on the 14th April, in company with 33 sail of Spanish transports, with 5 or 6000 troops on board, destined for Carthage, under convoy of two frigates. By this arrival we learn, that the next day after capt. N. sailed, he passed to windward of the Algerine squadron, consisting of 7 sail, 2 of which were frigates standing into the Streights. One of them (a brig) chased the *Weazel* for six hours, and displayed his flag. It was known at Cadiz that the Dutch fleet were in pursuit of this squadron.—*Col.*

The schooner *Boxer*, capt. Clark, arrived at this port on Thursday, in 34 days from Nantz, which place she left the 28th of April;—Verbal accounts, brought by this vessel, are, that the Duke of Angouleme had fallen into the hands of Bonaparte.—That Bonaparte was himself still in Paris, amusing the people with the expectation of the speedy arrival of the Empress and her Son.

One of the Passengers states that a rumor reached Nantz, just before he sailed, that a Prussian Army had advanced upon the frontiers of France; that they were met by a French army; and that an obstinate engagement took place, the result of which was not known.

It is also stated that early in April, a battle took place in Italy, near Bologna, between the army of Murat and the Austrian army, in which the latter were defeated with the loss of 6,000 prisoners; and that Murat had taken Rome.

That great preparations for war were making by both Bonaparte and the Allies; and that it was supposed there would soon be on both sides, at least two millions of men under arms.

A letter from Washington, dated May 27, says, "For the information of merchants trading to N. Orleans, it may be well to state, that Barataria has again become a scene of pillage and smuggling; but the moment intelligence of the fact reached government, and even before, orders were given for the naval force on that station to lend its vigorous aid towards the effectual execution of the revenue laws. Those piratical ingrates, who have been once forgiven by the executive—who in truth fought themselves into favour, will assuredly receive a condign punishment for the repetition of their nefarious practices."

A Norfolk paper of May 24, announces, for the first time, the gratifying sight of a Steam Boat entering that harbor—says, "this distinguished stranger is called the *Washington*, commanded by Capt. O'Neal, and owned by a company of Gentlemen at Washington. We were in hopes that she was intended to ply between this place and Richmond, but understand she is destined for the Potomack. On her leaving New-York, many were doubtful she would not be able to perform the voyage, no vessel of that description having ever tried the sea before, but she has made the trip in perfect safety without the smallest injury, and in a period of only 50 hours. Her cabin is superbly fitted up with every convenience for the comfort and accommodation of passengers, and she is on the whole an object that cannot fail to delight the eye and interest the understanding."

The curious are invited to the head of Dey-street, in this city, to view a body of *pure malleable iron*, weighing 2,600 lbs. that was dug out of the bank of Red River, Tennessee. Its shape is irregular, not very dissimilar to that of the jaw and skull of some large quadruped. A portion of it is now undergoing an analytical investigation, the result of which will, in a few days, be presented to our readers.—*Col.*

A letter from Buenos-Ayres, states that all the country of Chili is completely re-revolutionized, the Revolutionists defeated and taken prisoners by the Limanian-European troops.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Creighton, Mr. Nathaniel Lawrence, of Liverpool, England, to Miss Frances L. Ogden, youngest daughter of the late Abraham Ogden, esq.

By the rev. Archibald M'Clay, Mr. Nathaniel Brown, to Miss Mary Anne M'Lellan, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Nathan Jennings, to Miss Maria Miller, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. William D. Resseguiue, to Miss Mary Forster, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Captain John Carr, of Charleston, (S. C.) to Catharine Williams, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Henry Lloyd, to Miss Hannah Wise, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

In this city from the 20th to the 27th May.

Elizabeth M'Cabe, aged 30; Mary Williamson, aged 30; Michael Degnan, aged 63; Mary Mosely, aged 47; Matthew Ford, aged 60; Silas Montgomery, aged 34; Matthew White, aged 33; Anthony Murray, aged 35; James Southerland, aged 67; Margaret Stone, aged 30; Janet Dunn, aged 24; a man unknown, found drowned, aged about 40; Diana Wynkoop, aged 24; William Hinsdale, aged 26. A man unknown, found drowned; Jane Frazier, aged 28; John Giles, aged 48; Henry Nash, aged 22; Henry Slack, aged 30; John Holmes, aged 60; William Van Wart, aged 30; Benjamin Lawrence, aged 27; Nelly Collins, aged 51; John Jeffers, aged 27; William Brooks, aged 60; Abraham Bokee, aged 88.

Dr. John Huyler, of New-Jersey, in the 37th year of his age.

After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Eve Schuyler, in the 84th year of her age.

Mr. John P. Lynch, aged 75, a native of England.

Mr. Richard Bayley, in the 34th year of his age.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Robert Douthet, in the 30th year of his age.

Mrs. Peacock,

Mr. Nathan Crary, of Roxbury, N. Y. aged 69 years.

On the 26th inst. Mary Evans, aged about 14, accidentally drowned in Bonsail's Basin, while playing on a skiff.

After a short illness, Mr. James Proud, aged 56 years.

After a short illness, Mrs. Hannah Wrightman, widow of the late Mr. Thos. Wrightman, aged 28.

The coroner reports the sudden death of Mr. John Baptist Charles Turcott, aged 65 years, who, while taking his usual walk, fell down in Broadway, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock on Tuesday, and instantly expired in a fit.

Suddenly, by apoplexy, on Tuesday the 23d May, in the 62d year of his age, the rev. Henry Ernestus Muhlenberg, of this place.

By the death of this venerable and illustrious Divine, society has lost one of her dearest and most valuable members. For upwards of 39 years did he diffuse the divine light of the gospel through a numerous congregation. His exemplary piety, his amiable and affectionate deportment, endeared him to all who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. He was a solicitous and tender visitant of the sick and infirm; he watched over the bed of the dying, and poured divine consolations into the departing soul; he enlivened the comfortless and checked the licentious. In a word, he was the friend and benefactor of mankind, and the father of his grateful congregation. He was educated in the university of Halle. Blessed with a happy strength of constitution, and gifted with a vigorous and contemplative genius, he soon acquired a distinguished character as a man of science and a divine—early smitten with the love of nature, and possessing that happy conformation of mind, which finds,

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks;

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!"

He devoted himself with unremitting ardour to the study of botany. How much this science has been enriched by his labours, is well known to its lovers and cultivators. He enjoyed the most extensive correspondence with the most eminent cultivators of natural science, both at home and abroad. In fine, he was a man of exemplary piety, eminent talents and of profound erudition.

Lancaster Journal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSEUM PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 102 Water-street.

PRINTING IN GENERAL

Executed in a neat and correct style,

Particularly

CARDS, CIRCULAR LETTERS, &c. &c.

Where may be had,

Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney,

Apprentices Indentures,

Bills of Lading; together with

CUSTOM-HOUSE BLANKS.

Piano Fortes.

THOMAS WESTERN & SON,

Manufacture the Improved Patent, Upright, Grand and Square Piano Forte, at No. 104 Water-street, a few doors south west of the Tontine Coffee-House.

They respectfully solicit the attention of their friends and the public, to favour the establishment with their commands. No exertion will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to their employers. They have on hand and are constantly finishing Piano Fortes in a handsome style. Being made from the best materials and workmanship, they are warranted to be of the first quality. They keep those that remain in this city, one year in tune. They will also attend to harmonize, tune, and repair Organs and Piano Fortes, in the most correct and perfect manner, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

A Second Hand Piano Forte and Barrel Organ for sale cheap.

Grand National Lottery, AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS.

To be drawn in September next,
HIGHEST PRIZES.

5 prizes of	\$20,000 each
2 do of	10,000
10 do of	5,000
25 do of	1,000

Not two Blanks to a Prize.

Tickets and Shares, for Sale at Nine Dollars each, by

CHARLES N. BALDWIN,

No. 69 Division-street, nearly opposite the Tenth Ward Court. May 6... 3t

BLACK PINS FOR MOURNING,

To be had Wholesale and Retail of

A. & F. OGSBURY,

NO. 77 WILLIAM-STREET.

May 20

GENUINE

FRENCH-CREEK

SENECA OIL.

An excellent and approved medicine.

FOR the benefit of our fellow-men, it is made known, that it may be used as an excellent remedy in the following Diseases and Cases, viz.

If every morning fasting, about a tea spoonful is taken inwardly, it is an excellent remedy against the Consumption, provided it is not of an old standing, and proper diet is observed at the same time. If it is taken now and then, it strengthens the stomach and breast, causes an easy respiration, and strengthens, in general, the whole body, and preserves health, causing a good appetite to eat.

If this Spring Oil is applied outwardly, it becomes in particular a very fine remedy against Rheumatism, and pain in the limbs, in Sprains, Dislocations, various kinds of Swellings, and the like; in those cases it must be well rubbed into the parts affected before the fire. The Indians are accustomed, in violent Head-Aches, to annoint their temples with it, that they may find relief. Upon the whole, this Oil is of so great esteem among the Indians in those parts, that they use it in all disorders above mentioned.

Sold by

HULL & BOWNE,

DRUGGISTS,

May 13, (3m)

No. 146 Pearl-street.

BERNARD WENMAN, Jeweller, No. 13 Maiden-lane, has for sale, a rich variety of the most fashionable Bracelets, Clasps, Breast Pins, and Ear-Rings; together with a new assortment of Silver Ware, &c.

He also has on hand White Chapel Needles of various kinds, which he will also sell on the most reasonable terms.

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, as usual, at **THREE DOLLARS** per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by **JAMES ORAM**, No. 102 Water-Street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City Subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance.